

MAD DOGGEREL

A black poet woman of Watts came to Long Beach and read anti-white poems to the gathered whites, along with poetry about how she daily beats up every man or woman, all colors, who gets in her way. Everyone cheered between poems (except me), as if they loved to be insulted.

Later that night at a post-reading party, she got in my way. So I put her into a head lock, threw her over my shoulder, and then pounced: it took all the attending poets to pry my fingers loose of her neck.

She departed shortly thereafter, and has never wandered beyond the Watts city limits since.

CONVERSATION

Joe and I were passing comments before the college concert. "That guy Paul must be a fag," I said. "This is Rebecca, his girlfriend," Joe replied (she was sitting next to us, rather homely, and now wounded-looking). "I would never have guessed," I went on. "I suppose you think all sensitive men are gay," she snapped back, "but Paul is very clever. He went to Harvard when he was sixteen." "So what the hell is he doing taking a creative writing class at Bon Vista Community College?" I inquired.

SCREAMIN' ART

I have a good knowledge of Art History from just one course at Bon Vista Community College. I attribute this to sitting next to a deaf girl.

The lecturer would say, for instance, "Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah," for half an hour and then she'd turn to me and say, "WHAT?" So I'd cup my hands and (as if to drill into my brain his main points) I'd yell in her ear: "MESSINA WAS THE BEST PORTRAIT PAINTER OF THE ITALIAN HIGH RENAISSAINCE, BERNINI WAS MASTER OF THE BAROQUE STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTING AND PAINTING, AND CEZANNE WAS THE FORERUNNER OF THE CUBIST STYLE."